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EDITORIAL ETCHINGS.

UNE, the "month of roses," finds us in the midst of—the Japanese! Their mighty highnesses, or high mightinesses, are among us to learn how we do things! Won't they have a good time!

It is customary with the Japanese to rip out their bowels when any person insults them; so our people must be all smiles, else we shall have a general "Celestial" suicide.

It is to be hoped that no American will be rash enough to attempt the pronunciation of the Japanese names, for a lockjaw will be sure to follow. In cases of that kind the only cure is to pronounce the name backward—a fact which should be borne in mind to be used in cases of emergency.

The Japanese cross rivers, at home, on platforms borne on the shoulders of stalwart men. Let the common councils of several cities see to it that they do not try to ferry the Hudson in that manner—as they might find some difficulty in passing the Jersey shore shad poles safely.

The Japanese bow low for every favor tendered them, being provided with a hinge in their spine for that especial purpose. Therefore let no humbug vender of magnetic strengthening plasters dream that he is going to get his pockets plastered with Japanese gold.

If a Japanese cannot bow low nine hundred and ninety times every hour he is deprived of his citizenship and put to making lacquer ware.

The Japanese give away a costly ring every time a lady of rank addresses them. As all of our women are "queens" it is highly probable that they will all try to "ring in." Consequently Tiffany's trade will be injured, and diamonds become cheap as introductions.

The Japanese worship idols and carry their gods along with them. Our pious people, doubtless, will be shocked at this fact, but will be relieved when we inform them that the gods are all gold! They, themselves, worship the same gods six days of the week—only giving the true God one day in seven. The Japanese worship their gods several times every day, and therefore are models of devotion which our "leading men" and Wall street will do well to consult.

The Japanese are the neatest people in the world and consider it a gross insult for a man to address them who has dirty teeth or uncleaned finger nails. Let members of "reception committees" remember what has been said in regard to ripping open of bowels and use the tooth and nail brush vigorously. Some members we know of should commence the cleansing process immediately, as it doubtless must take several weeks to place their dentals and digitals in acceptable order.

Finally, the Japanese are great admirers of art and will all subscribe for this JOURNAL and the premium plate. The *Herald*, and *Times*, and *Tribune*, need not feel invidious at this preference, for it shows how highly cultivated and civilized these "outsiders" are.

— An artist, not celebrated for his social virtues, astonishes us by sending in the following amorous contribution, as expression of his "feelinks":

TO THE PORTRAIT OF HER I LOVE.

By an Artist.

THOU'RT all my fancy painted thee,
No beauty dost thou lack,
My pet, my pride, my darling duck,
My precious canvass-back!
I've brushed thy hair, so ivory-black,
I've made thy lips to smile,
Although thy blush, to hear my praise,
Grows madder all the while.

Thine eyes! they are the bluest eyes
That ever yet were seen!
I am not ultra in my love,
Although they are ultra-marine.
Thy slender frame—oh, would that I
Might clasp it to my heart!
Twould eas-al pains which trouble me—
But ah! its joints might part.

I've decked thee out with glorious gems
In bright chrome-yellow set—
They do not cost so much as those
At Tiffany's, my pet!
I would have dyed to have thy form
Arrayed in fitting gown
Of velvet richness; so I've went
And gone and done it brown!

I would have asked thy counterpart
To share thy lot with me,
But then I have no lot nor part
In brown-stone fronts that be.
My only lot, a lot of casts
'Mong which my lot is cast;
She would take umber-age at my suit
And break my heart at last.

But as for thee, thou changeless one,
Forever still and sweet,
I pay no frightful bills for thee
Who neither drink nor eat.

My pallet I have shared with thee,
My love, my bride divine!
Nor have I grudged thy lips their share
Of oil and turpentine.

But should the cord that holds thee break,
And thou ignobly fall,
I'll coldly say: "Go, hang thyself
Upon some other wall."
Yet oh! however dark my fate,
How deep my fit of blues,
I never, never, even for bread
Will pawn thee to the Jews!

— Elliot, the portrait painter, lately cut a painting from its frame, in the Academy Exhibition, because it was badly hung. He literally cut a caper, or, in the language of the ring, "he made a dash at the mug and brought it down." If every aggrieved artist should do the same thing for the same reason, what a "ripping" time there would be! We have yet to see any hanging committee hang pictures to the satisfaction of artists or the public. The real fault is not in the committees but in the galleries themselves, which, in the Academy building, are mere cribs, totally unfitted for an exhibition of good pictures. For showing poor pictures the rooms are admirably contrived—serving the good purpose of giving the artist an excuse for defects, in that his picture is "outrageously hung."

— We have, among other foreign items, the following: The Princess Mathilde, in preparing for her appearance in the costume of an Egyptian princess, at the fancy ball recently given by the Empress, employed Giraud, a prominent artist of Paris, to paint her face, arms, and neck to a bronze color. The work occupied the artist three hours. When in full costume the princess seemed to be a living picture of the times of Sesostris or the Pharaohs. This will do for Paris; but Indiana artists have set a better precedent in the way of "delusions," because some practical good is the result. At a "fancy ball" given by an empress of the Wabash Valley, near Lafayette, the princesses of the Valley appeared in exquisitely colored hose, which commanded the admiration of all. The best artist of Lafayette (whose name has something too frigid in it to allow of its mention in connection with this—well, slightly exhilarating subject) was employed for three days in painting the legs of the princesses with yellow, blue, corn, whiskey, and "bottom mud" colors; and so well did he succeed that silk hose were "nowhar." Talk of the successes of bronzing the Princess Mathilde after this!